

PR

1261

G-19+

1575a

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
Henry W. Sage
1891

7240687

1891

6896-1

The date shows when this volume was taken.

To renew this book copy the call No. and give to the librarian.

5 FEB 1912

FEB 15 1934

FEB 9 1931

FEB 10 1931

HOME USE RULES.

All Books subject to Recall.

Books not used for instruction or research are returnable within 4 weeks.

Volumes of periodicals and of pamphlets are held in the library as much as possible. For special purposes they are given out for a limited time.

Borrowers should not use their library privileges for the benefit of other persons.

Books not needed during recess periods should be returned to the library, or arrangements made for their return during borrower's absence, if wanted.

Books needed by more than one person are held on the reserve list.

Books of special value and gift books, when the giver wishes it, are not allowed to circulate.

Readers are asked to report all cases of books marked or mutilated.

Do not deface books by marks and writing.

Cornell University Library

PR 1261.G19 1575a

Gammer Gurton's needle. 1575.



3 1924 013 324 342

ohm over 1

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Gammer Gurton's Needle

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1575

[British Museum (G 11209) and Bodleian Libraries]

Written c. 1553—1562

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1910

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Hammer Burton's Needle

1575

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMX

^H
cm

A.240687

Gammer Gurton's Needle

1575

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (G 11209): other copies are in the Bodleian Library, and, at most, two or three other private collections.

The date and authorship have always been moot points. Recent research, though adding somewhat to our knowledge, has not definitely settled these questions. For a long time the weight of inferred authorship leaned to Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells; others favoured the suggestion that this honour belonged to Dr. John Bridges, Dean of Salisbury and Bishop of Oxford. Latterly, however, Dr. Bradley, one of the Editors of the "Oxford English Dictionary," has put forward a strong case in favour of one William Stevenson, a Fellow of Christ's College, probably from 1551 to 1561. Dr. Bradley's presentation of his facts and deductions originally appeared in Professor Gayley's "Representative English Comedies" (Macmillan Co., N.Y., 1903). I was subsequently permitted the privilege of full quotation therefrom in "Anonymous Plays," Ser. III. (E.E.D.S.). Dr. Bridges' claims were discussed fully in "Anglia," xix., 1896. In passing, I may mention that a salient point in Dr. Bradley's argument hinges on the similarity of the title-pages of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" and "The Disobedient Child," already issued in this series.

The curious manuscript note on the fly-leaf emphasises the value of facsimile reprints. This is further enhanced when, in one of the most careful of modern reprints for scholars, the Editor remarks that "Scapethryft" (see list of players) is "Scapethryk" in original, whereas, though badly printed, the former is plainly correct, as may be seen herein.

The question of date is also discussed by Dr. Bradley: the range may be from 1553 to 1562.

This reproduction in facsimile has (says Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum) been, on the whole, most creditably reproduced; the original is very badly printed. The chief fault (one difficult to amend, doubtless) is a tendency to exaggerate the effect of the ink showing through from the other side of the leaf—brown in original—and so not obscuring the letters.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE CONTINUATION ISSUES TO

The Tudor Facsimile Texts,

commencing with "Sir T. More" and "Gammer Gurton's Needle," will be chosen from the following plays. Gaps in the sequence will be supplied, and extremely rare items added. The Attributed, Doubtful or Apocryphal Shakespearian Plays are included by special urgent request from several quarters in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. I am glad to inform subscribers that many plays such as from their length have heretofore been issued as double volumes will now be considerably reduced to subscribers.

Sir Thomas More, Harl. MS. 7368, folio [c. 1590].

It is thought that some parts of this MS. "may be in the handwriting of young Shakespeare."

Dramatic Fragments, Unique Items from various Collections, 3 vols.

Magnyfycence. A goodly interlude and a mery . . . made by mayster Skelton [n.d. (?) John Rastell, c. 1529-30], folio.

Everyman, Skot n.d., together with the B.M. fragment by Pynson restoring words and portions dropped in the Skot edition.

Gammer Gurton's Needle, c. 1551, printed by Colwell, 1575.

Ralph Royster Doyster, 1552, from the unique copy at Eton College.

Horestes, by John Pikering, 1567.

The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art, W. Wager, c. 1568.

Tancred and Gismund, Lansdowne MS.

Cambises, King of Percia, T. Preston [1570].

A copy of another edition sold at Sotheby's in recent years for £169.

The Tyde taryeth no Man, G. Wapull, 1576.

All for Money, T. Lupton, 1578.

Promos and Cassandra, G. Whetstone, 1578, Parts I. and II.

The Three Ladies of London, 1584-1592.

The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London, 1588.

The Conflict of Conscience [c. 1563], printed 1581.

The Misfortunes of Arthur, T. Hughes, 1587.

The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune, 1582-1589.

The Chronicle History of King Leir, 1605.

A Warning for Fair Women, 1599.

The Cobler's Prophecy, 1594.

From the perfect Dyce copy at S. Kensington.

The Pedler's Prophecy, 1595.

A Englishman for my Money, or a Woman will have her Will, 1616.

Patient Grissill, 1591, printed 1603.

The Life and Death of Jacke Strawe, 1593.

The Wars of Cyrus, 1594.

A Knacke to Know a Knave, c. 1592, printed 1594

A Knacke to Know an Honest Man, 1596.

The Famous Historye . . . of Captaine Thomas Stukeley, 1605.

The Pilgrimage to Parnassus. Parts I. and II.

From the Hearne MS. recently discovered in the Rawlinson Collection, 1597.

The Return from Parnassus, 1601.

The Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599.

The Weakest goeth to the Wall, 1600.

Histrion-Mastix, 1610.

The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll, 1600.

The Wit of a Woman, 1604.

Nobody and Somebody.

Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601.

Look About You, 1600.

How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a bad, 1602.

The Contention between Libcrality and Prodigality, 1602.

Alarum for London, 1602.

Wily Beguild, printed 1606.

The Fair Maid of Bristow, 1605.

The Trial of Chivalry, 1605.

Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606.

The unique Devonshire plays in the last list were necessarily postponed, "pending the completion of the new Catalogue." All hindrance on this score to the reproduction in facsimile of these and others in the same Collection will doubtless shortly be at an end.

THE UNIQUE DEVONSHIRE PLAYS ARE :—

Godly Queen Hester, 1561.
Misogonus.
Common Conditions, 1572-1576.
Jack Jugler [c. 1553-4], printed Copland, 1563.

Thersytes [c. 1550].
King John, by Bishop Bale.
The Taming of a Shrew, printed C. Burbie, 1594.

THE APOCRYPHAL SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS :—

Faire Em, c. 1591, printed 1631.
The Merry Devil of Edmonton, c. 1600, printed 1608.
Edward III., 1596.
The Birth of Merlin, 1662.
The troublesome reign of King John.
A Warning to Fair Women, 1599.
The Arraignment of Paris.
Arden of Feversham, 1592.
Mucedorus, 1598.

George-a-Green, the Pinner of Wakefield, 1599.
The Two Noble Kinsmen.
The London Prodigal, 1605.
Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1602.
Sir John Oldcastle, 1600.
The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street, 1608.
The Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608.
Lochrine, 1594.

JOHN S. FARMER.

This copy sold for £28.
at Rhode's Sale.

The present volume furnishes
a valuable proof of the
importance of early editions.

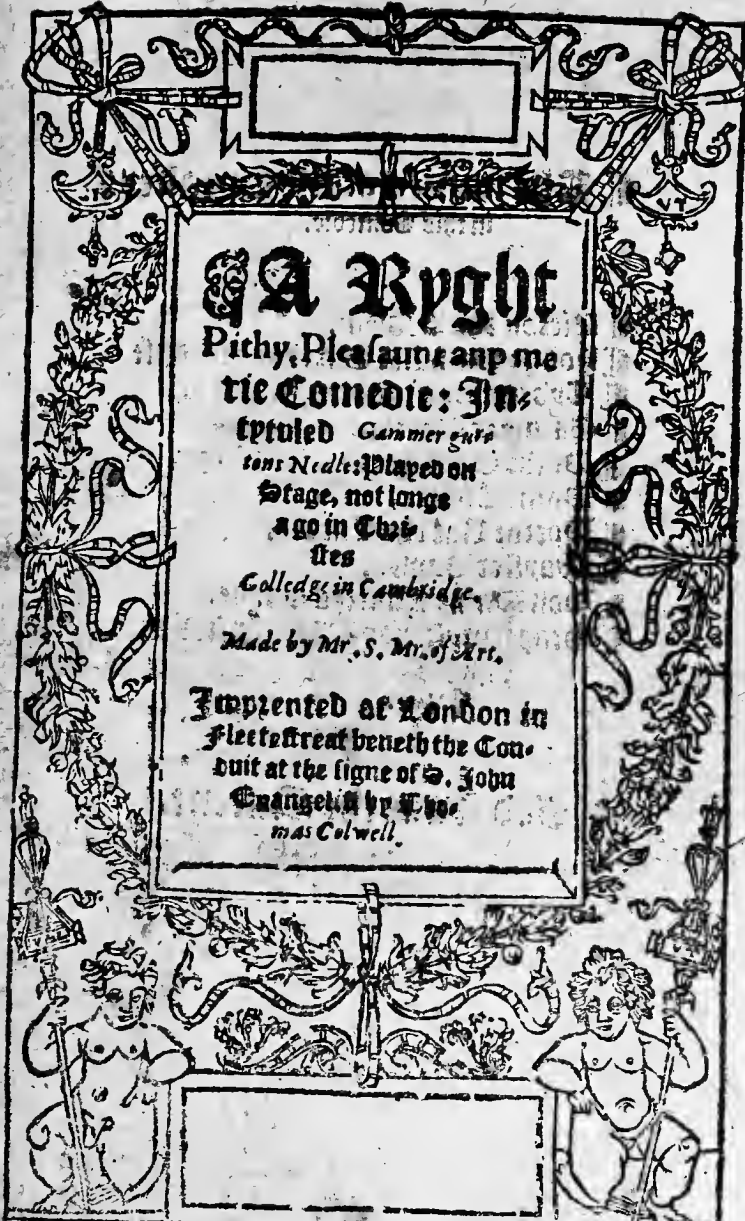
On the third leaf (first page)
line 21 is the following line

"And flying about his haly ace
fyrking with her tail"

In the modern editions it is printed
"halse anchor" and there is
attached a learned note to explain
the meaning of the words.

Haly ace is however the correct
reading. It is a piece of land
attached to the farm as a piece
appropriated for cattle.

This copy was sold at Rhode's Sale for £28.



A Ryght

Pichy, Pleasaunt and me-
rie Comedie: In

ptuled *Gammer gals*

ton: *Neales*: played on

Stage, not longe

ago in *Chis*

tes

Colledge in Cambridge.

Made by Mr. S. Mr. of Art.

Printed at London in

Fleetstreet beneath the Cou-

duit at the signe of S. John

Changelin by Tho-

mas Colwell.

**C The names of the Speakers
in this Comedie.**

- C Diccon the Bedlem,**
- C Hodge Gammer Burtons seruante.**
- C Cyb Gammer Burtons mayde.**
- C Gammer Burton.**
- C Docke Gammer Burtons boye.**
- C Dame Chatte,**
- C Doctor Rat the Curate.**
- C Wapster Bayle.**
- C Doll Dame Chattes mayde.**
- C Scrapthypst mayst Seplies seruante.**

C Muz.

C God Haue the Queene.

The Prologue.



A Gámer Gurton, with manye a wyde styche
 Sat pelynge & patching of Hodgher: inas byche
 By chance oꝝ misfortune as thee her geare toff
 In Hodge let her byches her needle thee loff,
When Diccon the bedlem had hard by report
 That good Gámer Gurton was robde in thys
 He quietly perswaded with her in that sound (sozte,
 Dame Chat her deare gossp this needle had sound,
 Pet knew thee no moze of this matter (alas)
 When knoeth Com our clarke what the Priest saith at masse
 Here of there ensued so fearfull a fraye,
 Was Dotoz was sent soz these gosspys to stave,
 Because he was Curate, and esteemed full wyse
 Who found that he sought not, by Diccons devyce,
 When all thinges were tumbled and cleane out of fassion
 Whether it were by soztune, oꝝ some other constellacion
 Sodenlye the neele Hodge found by the pyckynge
 And drew it out of his hottocks where he felt it stichynge
 They hartes then at rest with perfect securtyle,
 With a pot of good nale they stroake by theyz plauditte.

The fyrst Arte.

The fyrst Seene.

Diccon.

Diccon

N Any a myle have I walked, dined and sundry water
 And many a good mās house have I bin at in my daites
 Many a gosspys cup in my tyme have I talked
 And many a byche and spyt, have I both turned and basted
 Many a pece of bacon have I had out of thir baikes
 In ronyng over the countrey, with long and wyde walkes,
 Pet came my foote never, within those doore cheakes,
 To seeke flesh oꝝ fysh, Carlyke, Dnyons oꝝ Leekes,
 What ever I saw a sozte, in such a plyght
 As here within this house appereth to my sight,
 There is howlyge and scowlyng; all cast in adwyte.

Banner Burtons Deule.

With weeping and petting, as though they had lost a trump
 Pygging and sobbing, they weepe and they wayle
 I maruell in my mynd, what the deuill they ayle
 The olde Trot syts groning, with alas and alas,
 And Tib wrynges her hands, and takes on in worse case
 With pooze Cacke theyz boye, they be dypen in such syts
 I feare mee the folkes be not well in theyz wyts,
 Aske them what they ayle, or who brought them in this stage?
 They aunswer not at all, but alache and welaway
 When I saw it booted not, out at doozes I byed mee
 And caught a slyp of Bacon, when I saw that none syyed mee,
 Which I intend not far hence, vntles my purpose fayle
 Shall serue for a choyng, me to draw on two pots of ale.

The first Acte.

The second Scene.

Hodge.

Diccon.

Hodge



So cham araped with dablynge in the dirt
 She that set me to ditchinge, ich wold she had the squirt
 Was neuer pooze soule that such a life had?
 Gogs bones thys bylthy glaye hafe ozell nee to had
 Gods soule, see how this fluffe teares
 Iche were better to be a Bearward and set to keepe Beares
 By the Halls here is a galle, a shamefull hole in deade
 And one stytch teare surder, a man may thynste in his heade.

Diccon

By my fathers soule Hodge, if I shulde now bestwoyne
 I can not chuse but say thy byrech is soule be to me,
 But the next remedye in such a case and hap
 Is to plaunch on a piece, as byode as thy cap.

Hodge

Gogs soule man, tis not yet two dayes fully ended
 Synce my tamic Gurton (them sore) theso byeches amended,
 But cham made sure a byudge to frudge at euery neede
 Chwold rend it though it were stitched what Hurdy pathreede,

Diccon

Hodge, let thy byeches go, and speake and tell mee soone
 What deuill ayleth gâner gurton, & Tib her mayd to frowne,

Hodge

Each man thart deceyued, tys theyz dayly looke,
 They coure so ouer yz coles, theyz eyes be bleard wth smooke,

Diccon

How by the masse. I nerfollu nerceined as I came hether

Gamester Burtons Aed'e.

What eyther Libe her dame hath ben by the cares to gether
D; els as great a matter as thou shalt shortly see.

- Hodge ¶ Now iche beseeche our Lord they neuer better agree.
Diccon ¶ By gods soule there they syt as still as stones in the streets
As though they had ben takē with fairies oz els by some illytise
Hodge ¶ Dogs hart, I durst haue layd my eay to a crowne
Chould lerne of some pzancome as some as ich came to tofyn.
Diccon ¶ Why Hodge art thou inspyred? oz dedit thou theret heres
Hodge ¶ Say, but ich saw such a wonder as ich saw nat this mornyng
Some Tannhards Cow (be gods bones) he set me by her saile
And synging about his halfe alier spylking with her taile,
As though there had ben in her ars a swarme of Bees,
And chad not cryed tpyzowh hooze, head lept out of his Lees.
Diccon ¶ Why Hodge lies the connyng in Wom tannhards coves taile?
Hodge ¶ Well ich chaue hard some say such tokers do nat sayle,
But call I not till in faith Diccon, why the frownes oz wber at
Hath no man stolne her Ducks oz Hens, oz gelded gyb her Cat
Diccon ¶ What deuyll can I tell man, I cold not haue one woze
They gaue no moze hede to my talk then thou woldst to a loze
Hodge ¶ Ich can nat tell but muse, what merayplous thynge it is
Chyll in and know my selfe what matters are amys.
Diccon. ¶ When fare well hodge a while, sence thou doest inward hast,
For I will into the good wyfe Chats, to feele how the ale dooth
taste.

The fyrst Acte. The thyrd Scene.

Hodge.

Lyb.

- Hodge ¶ I am agast by the masse, ich wot not what to do
Chad nebe blesse me well befoze ich go them to
Verchaunce some felon sp:it may haunt our house indeed,
And then chwere but at nobby to benter where cha no needs
Lib. ¶ I Cham woze then mad by the masse to be at this stape
Cham chyd, cham bland, and beaton all thoures on the daye,
Ramed and hunger stozued, prycked by all in Jages
Hauyng no patch to hyde my backe, saue a few rotten ragges.
Hodge ¶ I say Lyb, if thou be Lyb, as I trow sure thou be,
What deuyll make a doe is this, betweene our dame and thee.
Lib. ¶ What the Heda thou had a good turne thou warte not hers

Gammer Burtons Riddle.

It had ben better for some of vs to haue ben hence a myle
 By Gammer is so out of course, and frantke all at ones
 That Cocke our boy, & I pooze wench, haue felt it on our bones.

Hodge ¶ What is the matter, say on Tib wherat she taketh so on.
Lyb. ¶ She is vudone she sayth (alas,) her ioye and life is gone
 If shee here nof of some comfort, she is sayth but dead
 Shall neuer come within her lyps, one inch of meate ne bread.

Hodge ¶ By Ladie cham not very glad, to see her in this dumpe
Lyb. ¶ Chalde a noble her stole hath fallen, & shee hath broke her rumpe
 ¶ Nay and that were the worst, we wold not greatly care
 For bursting of her buckle bone, or bryakng of her Chaire,
 But greater, greater, is her grief, as hodge we shall all feele.

Hodge ¶ Gogs woundes Lyb, my gammer has neuer lost her Peele?
Lyb. ¶ Her Peele?
Hodge ¶ Her nsele by him that made me, it is true Hodge I tell thee.
Tib, ¶ Gogs sacrament, I wold she had lost, tharte out of her bellie
Hodge ¶ The Denill or els his dame, they ought her sure a shame
 How a murrion came this chance, (say Tib) vnto our dame?
Lyb. ¶ My gammer sat her downe on her pes, & had me reach thy bze.
 And by & by, a vengeare in it or she had take two stiches (ches
 To clap a clout vpon thine ars, by chance a tyde she leares
 And gyb our cat in the milke pan, she spied over head and eares
 Ah hoze, out these, she cryed aloud, & swapt the bzeches dolone
 My went her staffe, and out leapt gyb, at doozs into the tolone
 And synce that time was neuer wyght, cold set their eies vpon it
 Gogs malison chane Cocke and I, vpon twenty times light on it.

Hodge ¶ And is not the my bzeches seuid vpon, to morow & I shall were
Lyb ¶ No in faith hodge thy bzeches lie, for al this neuer the nere.
Hodge ¶ How a vengeant light on al y sozt, & better shold haue kept it,
 The cat, the houle, and tib our maid, & better shold haue swept it
 Se where she cometh crawling, came on in twenty devils way
 Pe haue made a layre of es wozke, haue you not? pray you say.

The fyft Acte. The .iiii. Scene,

Gammer. Hodge. Lyb. Cocke.

Gammer **A** Las hoze, alas I may well curse ant ban

Gammer Cuttons Needle.

This date that ever I saw it, with gib and the mylke p^{an} ¹⁰¹
 For these and ill lucke to gather, as kindwerth Cocks my boye
 Hane stacke away my deare neele, and robd me of my loye
 My fayre longe straght neele that was myne onely treasure
 The fyrst day of my sorow is, and last end of my pleasure.

Hodge ¶ Might ha kept it when ye had it, but fooles will be fooles
 Lose that is vast in your handes, ye neede not but ye will.

Gammer ¶ So bie thee t^{ib}, and run thou hooze, to spend here all the colone
 Didst cary out dust in thy lap, seeke wher thou p^{rest} it do woe
 And as thou sawest me roking, in the ashes where I moyned
 So see in all the heape of dust, thou leaue no straw vnturned.

Tyb ¶ That chal gammer swythe and t^{yte}, and soue bebere agayne

Gammer ¶ Tib scoope & loke dowue to y^e ground to it, & take some paine.

Hodge ¶ Here is a prety matter, to see this gere how it goes
 By gogs soule I think you wold loes your ars, and it were loofe
 Your neele lost, it is pitie you shold lack care and endlesse sorow
 Gogs deith how shall my b^{reches} be sewid, shall I go thus to mo^o

Gammer ¶ Ah hodge, hodge, if that ich cold find my neele by the reed
 Chould sow thy b^{reches} ich promise y^e, w^o full good double threed
 And set a patch on either knee, shuld last this monethes t^{wa}ine
 How god & good Saint Sithe I praye, to send it home againe.

Hodge ¶ Wher to serued your hands & eies, but this your neele to kepe
 What deuill had you els to do, ye kept ich wot no sheepe
 Cham saine a broode to dyg and delue, in water, myze and claye
 Helling and poking in the durte, styll from day to daye
 A hundred thynges that be abrode, cham set to see them wecke
 And toure of you set sole at home, and can not keepe a neele.

Gammer ¶ My neele alas ich lost it hodge, what time ich me by basted
 To saue the milke set by for the, which gib our cat hath wasted

Hodge ¶ The Deuill he berst both gib, and Tib, with all the rest
 Cham alwaies sure of the worst end, who euer haue the best
 Wher ha you ben s^{id}ging abrode, since you your neele lost

Gammer ¶ Whithin the house, and at the doore, sitting by this same post
 Wher I was loking a long cowze, before the se folks came here,
 But welaway, all was in vayne, my neele is gone the nere.

Hodge ¶ Set me a candle, let me seke and grope wher euer it bee
 Gogs hart ye be so foolish (ich t^{urke}) you knowe it nat when you

Gammer ¶ Come hether Cocks, what Cocks I say: (it see

Cocks. ¶ Howe Gammer.

Summer Burton's Riddle.

- Gamer** ¶ Doe hve thee soone, and grope behynd the old brasse pan,
 Whych thing when thou hast done
 Wher shalt thou fynd an old shooe, wher in if thou looke well
 Thou shalt fynd lyeng an inche of a whyte tallow candell,
 Lyght it, and bynge it tite a waye.
- Cocke.** ¶ That shalbe done anone.
- Gamer** ¶ May tary hodg til thou hast light, and then weele seke ech one.
- Hodge** ¶ Cum away ye hozson boy, are ye a slepe: ye must haue a crier.
- Cocke.** ¶ Ich cannot get the candel light here is almost no fier. (cares)
- Hodge** ¶ Chil hold the a peny chil make y come if y ich may catch thine
 Art desse thou hozson boy: cocke I say, why canst not heares.
- Gamer** ¶ Beate hym not Hodge but help the boy and come you two to-
 (gether.)

¶ The. i. Acte.

¶ The. v. Scene.

¶ Gamer. ¶ Tyb. ¶ Cocke. ¶ Hodge.

- Gamer** **H** Din now Tyb, quicke lets here, what newes thou hast
 brought hether.
- Tyb.** ¶ Chau toff and tumbled vnder heap our e over againe,
 And winowed it through my fingers, as me wold winow grain
 Not so much as a hens turd but in pieces I tare it
 D; what so euer clob or clay I found, I did not spare it
 Lokyng within and she without, to fynd your neele (alao)
 But all in vaine and without help, your neele is where it was.
- Gamer** ¶ Alas my neele we shal never meete, adue, adue for aye.
- Tyb.** ¶ Not so gammer, we myght it fynd if we knew where it laye.
- Cocke.** ¶ Dogs crosse Gammer if ye will laugly looke in but at the dooze
 And see how Hodge litch tomblyng and tosking amids the floare
 Makyng there some fyze to fiad amonge the ashes dead
 Wher there is not one sparke, so byg as a pyng head,
 At last in a darke corner two sparkes he thought he sees
 Which wher indebe nought els but Tyb our cats two eyes
 Pusse good hodg thinking therby to haue fyze without doubt
 With that Tyb shut her two eyes, e so the fyze was out
 And by and by them opened, euen as they were before,
 With that the sparkes appered euen as they had done of yore,
 And euen as hodge blew the fire as he did thincke
 Tyb us we felt the black straght way began to wynde,

Samuel Burtons Riddle.

Thyl Hodge fell of swearing, as came best to his turne,
 The ster was sure bewicht, and therfore wold not burne:
 At last Gyb by the flayers, among the old postes and plinnes,
 And Hodge he hied him after: till hoke were both his winnies:
 Curlyng and swer tag othes, were neuer of his makyng,
 That Gyb wold fyze the house, if that thee were not taken.

Gamer ¶ See here is all the thought that the foolysh Archya taketh,
 And Lpb me thinke at his elbo we almost as mery maketh
 This is all the wot ye haue when others make to etr none,
 Come downe Hodge, where art thou and let the Cat alone.

Hodge ¶ Gogs harte, help and come by, Gybin her tayle hath fyze,
 And is like to burne all if thee get a lytle hier:
 Cum downe (quoth you,) nay then you might count me a patch,
 The youle cometh downe on your head, as if it take ons y thatch.

Gamer ¶ It is the cats eyes soole that shineth in the darke.

Hodge ¶ Hath the Cat do you thinke in eury eye a sparke.

Gamer ¶ No, but they shyne as lyke fyre, as ener man see.

Hodge ¶ By the masse and the buras all, you sh heare the blame for mee

Gamer ¶ Cum downe a help to seeke here our usele that it were found
 Downe Lpb on tho knees I say, downe Cocke to the ground.

So God I make a bowe, and so to good Saint Anne

A canoel it shall they haue a peece, get it where I can,

If I may my neele find in one place, or in other.

Hodge ¶ Now a vengeance an gis light, on gyb and gybs mother

And all the generacyon of Cats both far and nere

Looke on the ground, for I thinke thou the neele is here.

Cocke. ¶ By my trouth gammer me thought you had neele here I saw

But when my fingers toucht it, I felt it was a straw.

Lpb ¶ See Hodge whats the, may it not be within it,

Hodge ¶ Breake it soole with thy hand and see and thou canst fynde it.

Lpb ¶ Nay breake it you Hodge accordyng to your word.

Hodge ¶ Gogs tybes: fyre it styncks, it is a Cats tound,
 It were well done to make thee eate it by the masse.

Gamer ¶ This matter amendeth not my neele is it all where it walle

For canoel is at amende let he all in quight

And come another fyre, when we haue more light

Hammer Burton's Medle.

The II. Acte. Pythe a Songe.

Wacke and syde go bare, go bare,
booth foote and hande go colde:
But Belly god sende thee good ale ynoughe,
whether it be newe or olde.



Can not eate, but lyfte meate,
my stomache is not good:
But sure I thinke, that I can drynke
with him that weares a hood.
Whoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothinge a colde.

I wasse my skyn, so full with him,
of ioly good Ale and olde.
Wacke and syde go bare, go bare,
booth foote and hand go colde:
But belly god send the good ale ynoughe:
whether it be newe or olde.

I loue no rost, but a nut bystone tosse:
and a Crab layde in the fyze,
A litle byead, shall do me tread
much byeade I not desyre:
No froste nor snow, no winde I trowe:
can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am so wyapt, and thowly lapt:
of ioly good ale and olde.

Wacke and syde go bare, &c.

And Wyb my wyfe, that as her lye
loneth well good ale to seeke,
Full ofte drynkes thre; tyll ye may see
the teares run downe her cheekes:
When dooth she trowle, to mee the bowle
Euen as a nauit wozins thole,
And sayth sweete hart, I tooke my part
of this ioly good ale and olde.

Wacke and syde go bare, &c.

Summer Curtons Redle.

And let them synke, till they nod and toinke,
 even as good felowes shoulde doe
 They shall not mysse, to have the blisse,
 good ale doth bringe men to :
 And all pooze soules that haue scowzed boules
 or haue them lustely tolde,
 God save the lyues, of them and theyr wyues
 whether they be yonge or olde,
 Backe and lyde go bare, &c.

The fyfth Scene. Diccon. Hodge.

Diccon **W**ell done be Gogs malt, well fonge and well layde,
 Come on mother that as thou art true mayde,
 One fresh pot of ale lets see to make an ende
 Agaynst this colde wether, my naked armes to defende,
 This gere it warms the soule, now wind blow on the worst,
 And let vs drinke and swill, till that our bellies burste
 Now were he a wyse man, by cunnynge colde desyne
 Which way my Journey lyeth or where Diccon will dyne
 But one good turne I haue, be it by nyght or daye
 South, East, North or west, I am neuer out of my waye.
Hodge I Chyn goodly rewarded, cham I not, do you thyncke?
 Chad a goodly dynner for all my sweate and swyncke,
 Perther butter cheese, mylke on yons fleshe nor fythe
 Saue thys pooz pece of barley bread, tis a pleasant costly dyshe.
Diccon Haile fellow Hodge I will to fare, w thy meat, it I haue any?
Hodge But by thy words as I the smelled, thy daintrels be not manye.
Hodge I Daintrels dicco (gogs soale ma) (saue this pece of drye bozbozed,
 Cha byt nobet this lyue longe daie, no crome come in my hed
 My gutts they rawle crawle and all my belly ramblyth
 The puddynges can not lye still, ech one oner other tumbledy
 My gogs harte cham so verte, and in my belly pende (ende.
 Chould one pece were at the spittlehouse another at I castels
Diccon I Why hodge, was there none at home thy dinner for to let:
Hodge I Gogs head Diccon ich came to late, was nothing ther to get
 Sib (a fowle feind might on her lycht) (lickt I milke pan so clene
 See Dicco, it was not so well washt this. vii. yere as ich wene
 A pessilence lycht on all ill lucke, chad thought yet for all thys

Gammer Burton's Riddle.

Of a morsell of bacon behynde the head, as at which shuld not misse,
But when ich sought a styp to cut, mych was wont to do
Gogs soule Diccon, god hat: Gammer bawled the bacon to.

Which bacon Diccon stole, as is declared befoze.

Diccon ¶ All lads quod he, mary swere it hangt the day þ' truth to tel
Thou rose not on thy right side, as shouldst thee nor wel,
Thy mych slopt up, thy backe fitteth the busines to bad lucke hogde.

Hodge ¶ Say, nay, there was a fowle chafed, and y'ither game þ' hogde
Sweet not how chā rend at our mych brawls, my knees & my breech
Chad thought as ich sat by the fire, help here & there a stich,
But there ich was pempte indeede.

Diccon ¶ Why Hodge?

Hodge ¶ Bootes not man to tell,
Cham to dreest aponst a losse of sooles, chad better bath hell,
My gammer (cham ashamed to say) be god, serued me not weele

Diccon ¶ How so Hodge?

Hodge ¶ Wale she not gone trowest now and last her neele.

Diccon ¶ Her Cele Hodge, who spelt of late that was a baint þ' dyth.

Hodge ¶ A luffe fish, her neele, her neele, her neele man,
(tys neyther flesh nor fysh,

A litle thing with an hole in the end, as blyght as any speller,
Small, longe, warpe at the poynt, & straght as any peller.

Diccon ¶ I know not what a deuil þ' mēst, þ' byngst me moze in doubt

Hodge ¶ I knowest not by what tyme tailers mā, sies byching throughe a
A neele, neele, a neele, my gammers neele is gone. (clout

Diccon ¶ Her neele Hodge, now I sime thes, þ' was a chaunce alone,
By þ' make þ' hadst a cham, full losse, & it wer but for thy hooded

Hodge ¶ Gogs soule man chould giue a crowne chad it hat in stiches.

Diccon ¶ How sayest þ' Hodge, what shuld be haue, again thy neele got

Hodge ¶ Bem bathers soule, and chad it chould giue him a new grof.

Diccon ¶ Canst thou heepe counsaile in this case.

Hodge ¶ Ele chould my thounge were out.

Diccon ¶ Do than but then by my aduise, & I will fetch it out doubt,

Hodge ¶ Chyll runne, chyll ryde, chyll drage, chyll deloude

(chill toyle, chill frudge, chyll see;)

Chill hole, chill dawe, chill pull, chill prycke,

(chill kneole on my bare knee,

Chill scrape, chill scratche, chill fyfte, chyll seke,

(chill bowe, chill bende, chill sweate,

Gannet Gurtons Redle.

Chil stoop, chil war, chil rap chil knele, chil crepe on hads & feete
 Chil be thy bondman Diccon, ich sweare by sunne and moone
 And channot sum what to stop this gap, chani bitterly undone
 Pointing behind to his tozine breeches.

Diccon ¶ Why, is ther any special cause, thou takest her at such tozine
 Hodge ¶ Birstian Clack Tom Simsons mate, bi the masse toms bether
 Channot able to say, bet weene us what may hap, (to morow)

Diccon ¶ Well Hodge this is a matter of weight, I must be kept close,
 It might els furne to both our colts as the world shold gose,
 Shalt sware to be no Old Hodge.

Hodge ¶ Chyll Diccon,
 Diccon ¶ When go so,
 Lay thine hand here, say after me as thou shalt here me do
 Waste no booke;

Hodge ¶ Cha no booke I
 Diccon ¶ Then needes must soyce be both,
 Upon my breech to lay thine hand, and there to take thine othe.

Hodge ¶ I Hodge breech it be,
 Swear to Diccon & cheleste
 By the crosse that I shall kysse,
 To kepe his counsaile close
 And alwayes me to dispoise

Diccon ¶ To worke that his pleasure is, ¶ Here he kyssech Diccons
 How Hodge see thou take heed, (breeche,
 And do as I thee byd
 For so I iudge it meete,
 This noble againe to win
 There is no shift therin
 But coniure by a sprece,

Hodge ¶ What the great deuill Diccon I saye,
 Diccon ¶ Pea in good faith, that is the waye,
 Fet with some pzetys harne.

Hodge ¶ Softe Diccon be not to hally yet,
 By the masse for ich begyn to sweate
 Chani afrayde of synne harne.

Diccon ¶ Come hether then and kysse the hat
 One inche out of this Cycle plat
 But stande as I thee teache.

Gammer Burtons Needle.

Hodge ¶ And shall ich be here safe from theyr clawes:
Diccon ¶ The mayster deuill with his longe pawes
 Here to thee can not reache:
 How will I settle me to this geare.
Hodge ¶ I saye Diccon, heare me, heare:
 Go softly to thys matter.
Diccon ¶ What deuill man art afraide of nought
Hodge ¶ Canst not tarrye a lytle thought
 Tyll ich make a curtelle of water.
Diccon ¶ Stand still to it, why holdest thou feare hym?
Hodge ¶ Gogs sydes Diccon, me thinke ich heare him
 And tarrye. chal mare all.
Diccon ¶ The matter is no woise then I tolde it,
Hodge ¶ Why the masse cham able no longer to holde it,
 So bad iche must berape the häll.
Diccon ¶ Stand to it Hodge, sture not you hozson,
 What Deuill, be thine ars strynges byzzen?
 Thy selfe a while but staye,
 The deuill I smell hym wyll be here anone.
Hodge ¶ Hold him fast Diccon, cham gone, cham gone.
 Chyll not be at that fraye.

The ii. Acte.

The ii. Scene.

Diccon.

Chat.

Diccon ¶ I thynke knaue, and out vpon thee
 A boue all other loutes spe on thee,
 Is not here a clenly pranche?
 But thy matter was no better
 For thy pres. uce here no sweter,
 To sive I can the thanke:
 Here is a matter worthy glosunge
 Of Gammer Burtonz needle losunge
 And a soule peece of warke,
 A man I thyncke myght make a playe,
 And nede no worde, to this they saye,
 Being but halfe a Clarke.

Softs

Samuel Gurfons Medle.

Soft, let me alone, I will take the charge

This matter further to enlarge

Within a tyme thote,

If ye will marke my toyes, and note

I will geue ye leaue to cut my thote

If I make not good spozte,

Dame Chat I say, where be ye, within?

Chat. ¶ Who haue we there maketh such a dia:

Diccon ¶ Here is a good fellow, maketh no great daunger,

Chat. ¶ What diccon: come nere, ye be no straunger,

We be fast set at trumpe man, hard by the fyze,

Thou shalt set on the king, if thou come a litle nger.

Diccon ¶ Say, nay, there is no faryng: I must be gone againe

But first for you in counceyl I haue a word or twaine.

Chat. ¶ Come hether Dol, Dol, sit downe and play this game,

And as thou sawest me do, see thou do euen the same

There is, trumps belioe the Queene, y hindmost y shalt finde

Take hede of Sim gloners wise, she hath an eye behnd her,

Now Diccon say your will.

Diccon ¶ Say soft a litle yet,

I wold not tel it my syster, the matter is so great,

There I wil haue you sweare by our dere Lady of Bullaine,

S. Dunstone, and S. Donnyke, with the thyez Kinges of Hul-

That ye shal keepe it secret.

(laue,

Chat. ¶ Gogs byead that will I dos,

As secret as mine owne thought, by god and the deuill tivo.

Diccon. ¶ Here is games gurfon your neighbour, a saue heuy wight

Her goodly laise red Cock, at home. was stole this last night.

Chat. ¶ Gogs soule her Cock with the yelow legs, y nightly crowed

Diccon. ¶ That cocke is stolen.

so iust

Chat. ¶ What was he set out of the hens ruste?

Diccon. ¶ I can not tel where y deuill he was kept, vnder key or locke,

But Lib hath spyled in Gammers care, that you shoulde steale

Chat. ¶ Haue I stronge hooves by beead and salte.

(the cocke

Diccon ¶ What soft, I say be syl.

Say not one word for all this geare.

Chat. ¶ By the masse that I wyl,

I wil haue the yong hoze by the beead, & the old trot by y throte

Diccon. ¶ Not one word dame Chat I say, not one word for my cofe.

Gammer Gurttons Riddle.

- Chat.** ¶ Shall such a beggar brawle as y^e thinkest y^e make me a theefe
The pocks light on her bezes sydes, a pcellence & a mischeefe
Come out thou hungry nevy bytche, & that my nails be short.
- Diccon** ¶ Gogs bzed womā hold your peace, this gere wil els passe, spozt
I wold not for an hundzed pound, this matter shuld be knowen,
That I am auctour of this tale, oz haue abzode it blowen
Dio ye not sweare ye wold be ruled, befoze the tale I folde
I said ye must all secret keepe, and ye said sure ye wolde.
- Chat.** ¶ Wolde you suffer your selfe diccon, such a sozt, to reuile you
With flanderous woꝝds to blot your name, & so to defile you.
- Diccon** ¶ So goodwife chat I wold be loty such bzabs shulde blot my
But yet ye must so ozver all, y^e Diccon beare no blame, (name
- Chat.** ¶ Go to then, what is your rede: say on your minde,
(ye shall mee rule herein.
- Diccon** ¶ Godamercye to name chat, in faith thou must the gere begin
It is twenty pound to a goose turd, my gammer will not tary
But hetherward she comes as fast as her legs can her cary,
So brawle with you about her cocke, for well I hard I say
The cocke was rosted in your house, to breakfast y^e sterday,
And when ye had the carcass eaten, the fetters ye our stenge
And Doll your maid the legs she hid a foote depe in the dunge.
- Chat.** ¶ Oh gracious god my harte is burstes.
- Diccon** ¶ Well rule your selfe a space
And gammer gurtton when she cometh anon into thys place
When to the Queene lets see tell her your mynd & spare not
So shall Diccon blamelesse bee, and then go to y^e care not.
- Chat.** ¶ When hooze beware her throte; I can abide no longer
In fact hold wiche it shalbe seene, which of vs two be stronger
And Diccon but at your request, I wold not stay one howze.
- Diccon** ¶ I wil keepe it in till she be here, and then out let it poyze,
In the meane while get you in, and make no woꝝds of this
Howze of this matter w^h in this howze to here you shall not misse
Because I know you are my freino, hide it I cold not doubtles
Ye know your harm; see ye be wise about your owne busines
So tere ye will.
- Chat.** ¶ Say soft Diccon and dꝛynke, what Doll I say
W^h in ge here a cup of the best ale, lets led, come quetly a waye.

The ii. Act.
Hodge.

The iii. Scene.
Diccon.

Diccon

See matters by one end tapt of this my thort deuille
How must we byoche thoter to, befoze the smoke arise
And by the time they haue a while run.
(I trust ye need not craue it.

But loke what lieth in both their harts ye ar like sure to haue it

Hodge ¶ Ye a gogs soule, art aloue yet? what Diccon dare ich come?

Diccon ¶ A man is wel hied to trust to thee, I will say nothing but want
But and ye come any nearer I pray you see all be sweete.

Hodge ¶ Tush man, is gammers neele found, that chould gladly weete

Diccon ¶ She may thake thee it is not found, so; if þ had kept thy staving
The deuill he wold haue set it out, euen hodge at thy cōmaunding

Hodge ¶ Gogs hart, & cold h. tel nothing wher the neele might be found

Diccon ¶ Ye solpsh dolt, ye were to seck, ear we had got our ground,
Therefore his tale so doubtfull was, that I cold not perceiue it.

Hodge ¶ Theu ich se wel somthing was said, chope one day yet to haue
But diccon, diccon, did not the deuill cry ho, ho, ho, (it,

Diccon ¶ If þ haest tarped wher thou stoodst, thou woldest haue said so

Hodge ¶ Durst swere of a boke, chard tun roze, streight after ich was
But tel me diccon what said þ knaue: let me here it anon. (gon

Diccon ¶ The hozlon talked to mee. I know not well of what

One while his touge it ran and paltered of a Cat,

Another while he stamered styll vppon a Rat.

Last of all there was nothing but euery word Chat, Chat,

But this I well perceyued befoze I wolde him rid,

Betweene Chat, and the Rat, and the Cat, the neele is byd,

How wether Gyb our cat hane eate it in her matwe,

Or Doctoꝝ Rat our curat hane found it in the straw, (weth

Or this dame chat your neighbour haue stollen it, god bee kno

But by þ moꝝow at this time, we shal learn how the matter go

Hodge ¶ Canst not learn to night man, seck not what is here, (eth
¶ Pointyng behind to his toꝝne by eches.

Diccon ¶ Tys not possyble to make it sooner appere,

Hodge ¶ Alas Diccon then chaue no wyft, but least ich tarp to longe

Wye me to Sym glotters shop, theare to seeke for a Thonge,

Wher with this byeech to tatche and tye as ich may. (say.

Diccon ¶ To moꝝow hodge if we chaunce to weete, shalt see what I will

C.

The

Diccon:

Gammer.

Diccon **W**in this gere must sozward goe, soz here wy gammer:
commeth,

We still a while & say nothing, make here a litle romth.

Gammer ¶ Good lord, shall neuer be my lucke my neele agayne to spee
Alas the whyle t ys past my helpe, where tis still it must lye.

Diccon ¶ Now Iesus gammer gurtō, what doyneth you to this sadnes:
I feare me by my conscience, you will sure fall to madnes.

Gammer ¶ Who is that, what Diccon, chaim lost man: spee spe.

Diccon ¶ Marye se on them y be worthy, but what shuld be your trouble.

Gammer ¶ Alas the more ich thinke on it, my sozoh it waerth doble
By goodly tossing spoz yars neele, chaue lost ich wot not where.

Diccon ¶ Your neele, whane?

Gammer ¶ My neele (alas) ich myght full ill it spare,
As god him selfe he knoweth, nere one besyde chaue.

Diccon ¶ If this be all good gammer, I warrant you all is sane.

Gammer ¶ Wh by know you any tydings which way my neele is gone?

Diccon ¶ Yea that I do doubtlesse, as ye shall here anone,
I see a thing this matter toucheth, within these .xx. howzes,
Euen at this gate, befoze my face, by anyghbour of yours,
She stooped me downe, and by she toke a neele or a pyn:
I darst be swozne it was euen yours, by all my mothers kyn.

Gammer ¶ It was my neele diccon ich wot, soz here euen by this posse
Ich sat, what time as ich by starte, and so my neele it losse:
Who was it leue son! speke ich pray the, & quickly tell me that?

Diccon ¶ A suttie queane as any in thys towne,
(your neyghboure here dame Chat.

Gammer ¶ Dame chat diccon let me be gone, coil togyther in post haste.

Diccon ¶ Take my counceill yet or ye go, soz feare ye walke in walt,
It is a murrion crafty drab, and froward to be pleased,
And ye take not the better way, our neele yet ye lose it:
Soz when she tooke it by, euen here befoze your doozes
Wha lost dame chat (quoth I) that same is none of yours
Want (quoth she) she knaue, what prayst thou of that I send:
I wold y hadst hit me I wot whear: (she meant I know behind)
And home she went as brag, as it had ben a bedelouce,
And I after as hold, as it had ben, the goodman of the house:

Gammer Burtons Aedle.

But there and ye had hard her, how she began to scolde
The tongue it went on patins, by hym that Judas solde,
Ech other worde I was a knave, and you a boze of bozes,
Because I spake in your behalfe, and sayde the neele was yours.

- Gamer ¶ Cogs bread, and thinks y callt thus to kepe my neele me frof
Diccon ¶ Let her alone, and the minds non other but eue to dzelle you to
Gamer ¶ By the masse chil rather spend the cote that is on my backe.
Thinks the false quean by such a flygh, that chill my neele lacke
Discon ¶ Slepe not you gere I counsell you, but of this take good hede
Let not be knowen I told you of it, how well soeuer ye spede.
Gamer ¶ Chil in Diccon a cleene aperne to take, and let befoze me,
And ich may my neele once see, chil sure remember the

The ii. Acte.

The v. Scene.

Diccon.

- Diccon ¶ Here will the spozte begin, if these two once may meete.
Theire chere durst lay money will proue scarily swete
By gammer sure entends, to be vppon her bones,
With stauces, or with clubs, or els with coble stones.
Dame Chat on the other syde, if she be far behynde
I am right far deceiued she is geuen to it of kynde,
Ye tha' may tarry by it a while, and that but wozte
I warrant hym trust to it, he shall see all the spozte
Into the towne will I, my frendes to vyzit there
And het her straight againe to see thend of this gere (them
In the meane tyme selowes, pype vpp your fiddles, I saie take
And let your freyndes here such mirth as ye can make them.

The iii. Acte.

The i. Scene.

Hodge.

- Hodge ¶ Im gloner yet gramercy, than meetlye well sped now,
Thart euen as good a felow as euer kyste a cowe,
Were is a thynge in dede, by y masse though ich speake it
Tom tankards great bald curtal, I thinke could not bzeake it
And when he spyed my neede, to be so straight and hard,

C. ii.

Page

Gammer Cuttong Bedle.

Days lent me here his naull, to set the gyb foꝝ ward,
 As foꝝ my Gammer's neele, the dyenge seyd go weete,
 Chyl not now go to the dooze againe with it to meete:
 Chould make thyfte good inough and chad a candels ende,
 The cheefe hole in my byecche, with these two chil amende.

¶ The iii. Acte.

¶ The ii. Scene.

Gammer.

Hodge.

- Gammer **H**ow Hodge, mayst nowe be glade, cha newes to tell thee
 Ich knowe who haie my neele, ich trust soone that it see
- Hodge ¶ The deuyll thou doest, hast hard gammer in deede, oꝝ doest but
- Gammer ¶ Yes as true as steele Hodge. (left)
- Hodge ¶ Why, knowest well where thytt is? (left)
- Gammer ¶ Ich knowe who found it, and tooke it by shall see oꝝ it be longe.
- Hodge ¶ Gods mother dere, if that be true, farwel both name an thong
 But who haie it gammer say on: chould faine here it disclosed.
- Gammer ¶ That false firen, that same dame Chat, that counts her selfe so
- Hodge ¶ Who tolde you so: (honest)
- Gammer ¶ That same did Diccon the bedlam, which sawe it done.
- Hodge ¶ Diccon: it is a vengeable knaue gammer, tis a bonable hoꝝs,
 Can do no things then that els cham deceyued euill:
 By the masse ich sawe him of late cal by a great blacke deuill,
 O the knaue cryed ho, ho, he roared and he thundꝝed,
 And read bene here, cham sure yould murreuly ha wondꝝed.
- Gammer ¶ Was not thou afraide Hodge to see him in this place:
- Hodge ¶ No, and chad come to me, chould haue laid him on the face,
 Chould haue promised him.
- Gammer ¶ But Hodge, had he no hoꝝnes to pushe:
- Hodge ¶ As long as your two armes, sawe ye neuer Fryer Rushe
 Painted on a cloth, with a side long colwes sayle:
 And crooked clouen feete, and many a hoked nayle?
 Foꝝ al the world (if I shuld iudg) chould reckon him his by: other
 Loke euen what face Fryer Rushe had, the deuill had such another
- Gammer ¶ Nowe Iesus mercy hodge, did diccon in him bying:
- Hodge ¶ Nay gammer (heare me speke) chyl tel you a greater thing,
 The deuill (when diccon had him, ich hard him wondꝝous weel)
 Sayde

Summer Burton's Tale.

Sayd plainly (here before vs, that daine chat had your neele.
 aier ¶ Then let vs go, and aske her wherfore she minds to kepe it,
 Being we know so much, tware a madnes now to stepe it.
 Hodge ¶ Go to her gâmer. see ye not where she stands in her doozes
 Byd her geue you the neele, tys none of hers but yours.

¶ The lii. Acte.

¶ The liii. Scene.

Gammer.

Chat.

Hodge.

Gâmer **S** Aime Chat holde praye the fait; let me haue y is mine
 Chil not this twenty yeres take one fart that is thyne
 Wherfore glae me mine stone & let me liue besyde the
 Chat. ¶ Why art thou crept frô home hether, to mine own doozes to
 Hence doting d'rab, auant, oz I shall set the further. (chide me:
 Intends thou and that knaue, mee in my house to murder :
 Gâmer ¶ With gape not so no me wom an. shalt not yet eate mee,
 For all the frends thou hast, in this shall not intreate mee :
 Mine owne goods I will haue, and aske the on beleue, (agrens.
 What woman: poze folks must haue right, though the thing you
 Chat. ¶ Giue thee thy right, and hang thee vp, w al thy baggers b'oods
 What wilt thou make me a theefe, and say I stole thy good :
 Gâmer ¶ Chil say nothing (ich warrât thee, but that ich cã proue it well
 Thou set my good euen from my dooze, cham able this to tel,
 Chat. ¶ Dyd I (olde witche) steale oft was thine:
 (how should that thing be knowen: (owne,
 Gâmer ¶ Ich can not tel, but vp thou tkest it as though it had ben thine
 Chat. ¶ Dary fy on thee, thou old gyb, with al my very hart.
 Gâmer ¶ Ray fy on thee y ranpe, thou ryg, with al that take thy parte.
 Chat. ¶ A vengeaunce on those lips y laleth such things to my charge.
 Gâmer ¶ A vengeaunce on those callats hips, whose conscifce is so large
 Chat. ¶ Come out Hogge.
 Gâmer ¶ Come out hogge, and let haue me right.
 Chat. ¶ Thou arrant Witche.
 Gâmer ¶ Thou bawdie bitehe, chil make thee curse this night.
 Chat. ¶ A bag and a wallet.
 Gâmer ¶ A carte for a callet.
 Chat. ¶ Why wene st thou thus to p'euaille,
 I hold thee a grote,

Gammer Curtons Riddle.

- Gammer** I shall patche thy coate,
Chat. I thou warte as good kyffe my tayle:
Chat. I thou stut, þ' kut, þ' rakes, þ' takes: will not chaunte make þ' hior
Gammer I thou shal, thou bald, thou rotten, þ' glotton, I will no longer
Hodge But I will teache the to kepe home. (chyd the
Hodge I wylt thou drunken beaste.
Hodge I sticke to her gammer, take her by the head, chil warrant you
Hodge Smyte I saye gammer,
Hodge Bete I say gammer,
Hodge I trow ye wylt bekeene:
Hodge Where be your naples: claw her by the talles, pull me out bothe
Chat. Cogs bones gammer, holde by your head, (her even,
Chat. I I trow zab I shall dzelle thee. (thee
Chat. I I knawe I hold the a grote, I shall make these hands blesse
Chat. Take þ' this old hoze for a mends, & lerne thy tongue well to tame
Hodge And say thou met at this bicker ring, not thy fellow but thy dame.
Hodge I Where is the strong stued hoze, chil gear a hozes marke,
Hodge Stand out ones way, that ich kyll none in the darke.
Hodge My gammer and ye be alyue, chil fergh now for vs bothe,
Chat. Come no nere me thou scalde callet, to kyll the ich wer loth.
Hodge I Art here agaynie thou hoddy peke, what do! byng me out my
Hodge I Chil broche the wyth this, him father soule, (spitte,
Hodge (chyll conture that soule spete:
Hodge Let beze stand Cock, why coms in deede: kepe doze þ' hozson boy.
Chat. I Stand to it þ' bastard for thine eares, ise teche þ' a stuttho toy.
Hodge I Cogs woundes hoze, chil make the auante,
Hodge (take heeds Cocke, pull in the lache,
Chat. I I faith sir loose vzeche had ye taried, ye shold haue found yont
Gammer I How ware thy throte losell, thous pay for al. (match.
Hodge I Well said gammer by my soule, (houle
Chat. I Hoyle her, soule her, bounce her, trounce her, pull out her throte
Chat. I Comst behynd me thou withered witch, & I get once on foot
Chat. I house pay for all, þ' old tarlether, we teach the what longs to it
Chat. I take þ' this to make by thy mouth, til time thou come by moze
Hodge I My gammer stand on your feete, where is the olde hozes
Hodge Faith woulde chad her by the face
Hodge (choulde cracke her callet crowne
Gammer I A hodg, hodg, where was thy help, when siren had me downs.
Hodge I By the masse Gammer, but for my staffe
Hodge (Chat had gone nye to spel you

Gammer Surtons Redie.

Ich think the harlot had not cared, and had not com to kill you
But shall weloose our neele thus?

Gammer ¶ No Hodge chwardē lothe too soo.

I thinkest thou chill take that at her hand, no hodge ich tell the no

Hodge ¶ Chold yet this frag twer wel take bp. & our own neele at home

I will be my chance els some to kill, wher euer it be oꝝ whome

Gammer ¶ We hane a parson, (hodge thou knowes) a man esteemed wise

that doctoz Kat, chill foꝝ hym lend, and let me here his advise,

He will herazine foꝝ all this gery, & geue her penaunce strait

Welse hane our neele, els daue that comes nere to in heauygate

Hodge ¶ The mary gammer. & ich think best: wpll you now foꝝ him send

The sooner Doctoz Kat be here, the soner welse ha an ende,

And here gammer Dytcons deuill, (as iche remember well)

Of Cat, and Chat, and Doctoz Kat: a sekoneus tale oꝝe tell,

Chold you foꝝty pound, that is the way your neele to get agains.

Gammer ¶ Chil ha him strait, call out & boy, welse make him take the payn

Hodge ¶ What coke I sape, come out what deuill can it not be.

Gammer ¶ How now hodge: how toꝝs gammer, is yet the wether clearest

What wold chaue me to bee?

Gammer ¶ Come better Cocks anon:

Hence swythe to Doctoz Kat, bye the that thou were gone,

And pray hym come speke with me, cham not well at ease,

Shalt haue him at his chamber, of els at mother Bees,

Els seeke him at Hobfolchers shop, foꝝ as charde it reported

Cocks. Ch. re is the best ale in al the towne, and now is most reioyted.

Gammer ¶ And shall ich byryge hym with me gammer?

Cocks. ¶ Pca. by and by good Cocks.

Hodge ¶ Shalt see that shalbe here anone, els let me haue one the docke

How gammer that we two go in, and tary foꝝ hys commynge

What deuill woman plucke bp your hart, & leue of al this glōmig

Though the were stronger at & fill, as ich thinke ye did and her

Gammer ¶ Yet there ye best tye drunkē low, what tyme ye cam behind her

¶ Say, nay, cham sure she lost not all, foꝝ set thens to & beginnig

And ich doubt not, but she will make small boꝝ of her winning.

¶ The iiij. Acte.

¶ The liij. Scene.

Exo.

Hodge.

Gammer.

Cocks.

Gammer Burtons Aedle.

Tyb

S Gâmer, gâmer, gib our cat, chã afraid what she ayleth
 She standes me gasping behind the dooze,
 (as though her winde her sailleth:

Hodge

How let ich doubt what gib shuld mean, þ now she doth so doze.

Gâmer

Hold hether, ichould t wenty pound, your neele is in her throte
 Orop her ich say, me thinkes ich feele it, does not picke your
 (hand:

Hodge

þo, ich know thars not within this land

A myrner Cat then Gþ is, betwixt the tems and Tyne,
 Shafe as much wyt in her head almost as chaue in mine.

Tyb

þ Faith shafe eaten some thing, that wil not easely downe
 Whether she gat it at home, or abroad in the towne
 Iche can not tell.

Gâmer

þ Alas ich feare it be some croked pyn,

And then fare well gyb, she is vndone, and lost al saue the skyn.

Hodge

þ Tyb, your neele woman, þ say: gogs soule geue me a knyfe
 And chil haue it out of her mawe, or els chal lose my lyfe.

Gâmer

þ What nay hodge, sy kil not our cat, tis al the cats we ha now.

Hodge

þ By the masse daime Chat hays me so moned,
 (iche care not what þ kyll, ma god a bowe:

Go to then Tyb to this gearc, holde by þar tayle and take her,
 Chil see what deuil is in her guts. chil take þ paines to rake her.

Gâmer

þ Make a Cat Hodge, what woldst thou do:

Hodge

þ What thinkst that cham not able:

Dio not Tom Tankard rake his Curtal tooze day standing in

Gâmer

þ Soft be content, lets here what newes (the stable.
 (Cocke byingeth from maist Kat.

Cocke.

þ Gammer chaue ben ther as you bad, you wot wrel about what
 It will not be long before he come, ich durst swearc of a booke
 He byds you see ye be at home, and there for him to looke.

Gâmer

þ Where didst thou find him boy was he not wher I told thee:

Cocke.

þ Yes, yes euen at his brithers house, by him þ bought and solde
 A cup of ale had in his hand, and a crab lay in the sfer, me
 Chat much a do to go and come, al was so ful of myer:

And Gammer one thing I can tel, Hobstichers naule was losse
 And Dooz Kat found it againe, hard beside the dooze posse,
 Ichould a penny can say something, your neele againe to set.

Gâmer

þ Cham glad to heare so much Cocke, then trust he wil not let,
 No help vs hercin best he can therfore tyl time he come
 (The cat is dead, and the cat is dead, and the cat is dead)

The ii. Act. The iii. Scene.
Doctor Kat. Gammer Gurton.

D. Kat. **W**han were better twenty times, be a handog & barke.
Then here among such a sort, be parill paitell & clarke
Wher he be that never be at rest, and pilling while a day
But he must trudge about the towne, this way, and that way,
Here to a drab, there to a theefe, his shoes to teare and rent
And that which is worst of al, at euery knaves commaundemet
I had not sit the space, to drinke two pots of ale.
But Gammer gurtons soz boy, was a raitte way at my faile,
And she was sicke, and I must come, to do I wot not what,
If once her fingers end but ake, & rudge, call soz Doctor Kat
And when I come not at their call, I only ther by loose,
For I am sure to lacke ther soz, a tythe pyg & a goose:
I warrat you wher truth is knowen, & told they haue their tale
The matter wher about I come,

(is not worth a half peny worth of ale,

Yet must I talke so sage and smothe, as though I were a glosser
Els & the yere come at an end, I walbe sure the loser.

What worke ye gammer gurtis: how here is your freo D. Kat.

Gammer **I** a good D. Doctor cha troubled, cha troubled you, ch wot wel that

D. Kat. **H**ow do ye woman: be ye lustie, & be ye not wel at ease:

Gammer **B**y gys master thaim not sic, but yet chaue a discale.

Chad a soule turle now of late, ch will tell it you by gigs.

D. Kat. **H**ach your byrdone so w cast hir calse, & your landy lotre her

Gammer **I** so, but chad ben as good they had, as this ich wot weel. (pigs

D. Kat. **W**hat is the matter:

Gammer **A**las, alas, cha lost my good necke,

My necke I say, and wot ye what: a drab came by and spied it

And when I asked hir soz the same, the sith flatly denied it.

D. Kat. **W**hat was she that:

Gammer **I** a dame ich warrant you: she began to scold and trawle

Alas, alas, come hether Dodge: this wytche can tell you all.

The iiii. Act. The ii. Scene.

Dodge Doctor Kat. Gammer. Diccon. Chat.

Do mozo w gaffer Ucar.

Dodge

D. Kat.

S

Come on fellow let vs heare.

D

The

Sammer Gurtons Hir.

The dame hath sayd to me, thou knowest of all this gear,
Lets see what thou canst saie.

Hodge **Q** Byn say sir that ye shall,
What matter so ener here was done, ich can tell your maistry

By Cammer gurton here see now
sat her downe at this dooze, see now.

And as she began to stirre her, see now,
her neele fell in the flooze, see now.

And while her kasse shee tooke, see now,
at Gyb her Cat to sponge, see now.

Her neele was lost in the flooze, see now
is not this a wondrous thing, see now?

Then came the queene Da. ne Chat. see now
to aske for hir blacke cup, see now:

And even here at this gate, see now:
shee tooke that neele by, see now:

By Cammer then shee yerde, see now
hir neele againe to bring, see now.

And was caught by the head see now
is not this a wondrous thing, see now.

Shee tare my Cammers cote see now
and scratched hir by the face, see now

Chat thought than stopt hir throte, see now
is not this a wondrous case, see now?

When she saw this, shee was woth the see now
and thart her wene the hirt waire, see now

Als ich durst take a hooke othe, see now
my Cammer had bene haine, see now.

Cammer **Q** This is even the whole matter, as Hodge has plainy tolde
And shoulde I saie be quiet for my part, what chaunce

But helpe us good master, be. ech ye. that ye do
Als shall we both be beaten and lose our neele too.

D. Kat. **Q** What wold ye haue me to do? tel me that I were gone
I will do the best that I can, to let you both at one
But be ye sure dame. Chat hath this your neele founde:

Cammer **Q** Here comes the man that see hir take it by of the ground,
Aske him your selfe matter Kat if ye beleue not me.
And helpe me to my neele, for gods sake and saint charitte.

D. Kat. **Q** Come nere diccon and let us heare, what thou can expresse.

Shakespeare's Curious Deeds

Will it be knowne? I'll bidde chat, this womans neede haue?

Diccon I say by D. Benit will I not then mighte your name take.

Chat Why dost not thou tel me so euen here as thou sayest verily?

Diccon I may gauer: but I said I would not utter it.

D. Hat Will you say a thing, and not sticke to it to the last?

Diccon I stick to it quoth you master rat, may I? I will give (blowne

say there is many an honest man: when he is such a one as I am

In his freindes eares, he would be loth the same thing were

if such a one be used oft among the honeste men.

It may be some simple matter if you say more good.

D. Hat When you be such a one, for all that you do sell.

Diccon Yes, may I? if you will do by mine advice, you shall

if mother chat is elsewhere, she knoweth how the matter goes

Therefore I red you these go hence, and within keep close,

And I will into dame chat's house, and see the matter of it.

What you shall get will you see, I warrant you. I'll be sworn.

She shall looke on her about her, and see how she is.

Be that of gawwerye, she shall see that it is better knowledge.

Chat I am gentle Diccon do so, and good lie he but strange.

D. Hat By the mass, I may not tarry so long to be your tidings.

Diccon I'll be a little while, what take you much paine,

if I were not wiser of it, I will come sooner againe.

Hodge I care so much, good master Diccon, of your gentleness.

D. Hat When let us be in ward, and Diccon shall be at hand.

Diccon I shall see you againe, but I'll be my conscience to see,

And Diccon shall see that it is your good, I'll be sworn.

But mother chat, my good, take it with all I can.

For she must be chirie captain to lay the hand on the butt.

God deuen dame chat in faith, and we'll meet in this place.

Chat I God deuen my friend Diccon, whether would you this pace?

Diccon I'll be your man to you, to I care as how the world goes,

harder no more of the other matter, say me now by your self.

Chat I yes Diccon, here the place, and hodge that you have.

But in faith I would thou hadst seen, a lord, I'll tell them true.

She bare me two or three louses behind in the nap of the earke.

Will I not be his old wiser, to answer againe to thee?

And Hodge that you have, that at his elbow stand,

And I'll be your man, if you will, I'll be your man.

Chat. Sure not in the world a child; for the same is well known.
Diccon. How the matter was the truth is such, I doubt to not acquit the
Chat. And that is to see him Diccon; to know his name & believe the
 for laughter. The boy is much at his height by a stub,
 As though he would have some other master devil Well said;
Chat. But I set him some into when you thought that
Diccon. **Chat.** Lard there is the thing
Chat. What I hope is soffered, that makes him stark and dng
Chat. **Chat.** Why makes the house any noyding, as ye haue sene or hard
Diccon. **Chat.** Euen now I sawe him take, like a man in the fard,
 I haue swore by heauen my selfe that I would haue his selfe
 And I see you are or when I was by him I sawe a lock to his tow,
 Where he is at he what I say; and he would be that ye trust
 Your heart be as good as dead, if ye leaue them on the ruste.
Chat. **Chat.** He knaue there as wol go hang him selfe, he go upon my ground
Diccon. **Chat.** I haue dyer take eads I say, I must tel you in a tale round,
 And your self about your house, behind your farthate or leade:
Chat. **Chat.** I haue in here a crafty knaue, may crope in for his dees
Chat. **Chat.** He is by the minge, a hole he shoke down, when I was there in
Diccon. **Chat.** He says he greades this same night, to slip in there a wayes.
Chat. **Chat.** I haue that I were sure of it, in faith he would haue his miede.
Diccon. **Chat.** Watch wel; for the knaue will be there as sure as is your crede
 I would spend my selfe a shilling to haue him swinged well.
Chat. **Chat.** I am as glad as a woman can be, of this thing to here tell
 I haue gone bones when he cometh, note that I kno in the matter
 He shall be at the first step, to leape in scalding water:
Chat. **Chat.** I haue a boy that turne to a dog, when he will, let him come.
Diccon. **Chat.** I shall yd as my selfe, you know what meaneth mum,
 I would take I but my debt; to play his part againe
 I haue a boy that he cometh towards, per ad as it are to his pathe.
D. **Chat.** **Chat.** What good newes Diccon fellow; is it wether that at haues;
Chat. **Chat.** **Chat.** I haue is he; and he is not; but it please here to whome:
 I haue a boy I take her taro; as fast as she was
Chat. **Chat.** **Chat.** The thing that thou went it for; haue thou brought it to passe?
Diccon. **Chat.** I haue done that I haue done, be it worse be it better.
 And came Chat at her wyts ends; I haue almost let her.
D. **Chat.** **Chat.** I haue by haue thou said the neete quickly I pray thes tell.
Diccon. **Chat.** I haue sped it in faith; I haue led my selfe so well,
 And yet the crafty queans; had almost take my trumpe.

But

Sainnet Burtons Needle.

- D. Kat.** But oꝝ all came to an ende, I set her in a dumpe:
Diccon How so I pray thee Diccon?
D. Kat. Mary sy, will ye heare?
 She was clapt downe on the backside, by cocks mother dere
 And there the fat setwing a halter, oꝝ a bande,
 With no other thing saue gammers needle in her hande,
 As soone as any knocke, if the filth be in doubt,
 She needes but once puffed, and her candle is out:
 Now I sir knowing of euer y dooze the pin,
 Came nycely, and said no woꝝde, till time I was within,
 And there I sawe the neele, euen with these t w: eyes,
 Who euer say the contrary, I will sweare he lyes.
D. Kat. O Diccon that I was not there, then in thy reade.
Diccon Well, if ye will be oꝝyed, and do by my reade.
 I will bying you to a place, as the house standes.
 Where ye shall take the oꝝab, with the neele in hir handes
D. Kat. For Gods sake do so Diccon, and I will gage my gowne
 To geue thee a full pot, of the best ale in the towne,
Diccon Follow me but a litle, and marke what I will say,
 Lay downe your gowne beside you, go to, come on your way:
 Se ye not what is here? a hole wherin ye may creepe
 Into the house, and sodenly vnwares among them leape,
 There shall ye finde the Wichefor, and the neele together
 Do as I bid you man, come on your wayes hether.
D. Kat. Art thou sure diccon, the stail tub standes not here aboute.
Diccon I was within my selfe man euen now, there is no doubt,
 So softly, make no noyse, giue me your foote sir John,
 Here will I waite vpon you, tyl you come out anone.
D. Kat. Helpe Diccon, out alas, I shall be slaine among them.
Diccon If they giue you not the neele, tel them that ye will hãg them
 Ware that, how my wenches, haue ye caught the Fore,
 That used to make reuel, among your hennes and Cocks:
 Saue his life yet for his oꝝder, though he susteine some paine
 Gogs bzead, I am a raide, they will beate out his bzaine.
D. Kat. Who worth the houre that I came heare.
 And wo worth him that wꝝought this geare,
 A fozt of oꝝabs and queanes haue me blett,
 Was euer creature halfe so euill blett?
 Who euer it wꝝought, and first did ignent it,

Gainger Gurgons Redie.

Ye shall I warrant him, ere long repent it,
I will spend all I haue without my skynne
But he shall be brought to the plight I am in,
Pastor Bayly I trow, and he be worth his eares.
Will snaffle these murderers and all that therein beares,
I will surely neither byte noz suppe
Will I fetch him hether, this matter to take bp.

The v. Acte.

The i. Scene.

Pastor Bayly.

Doctor Kat.

- Baille.** **W**hen perceiuz none other, I speke it from my hart
But either ye ar in al the fault or els in y greatest part
- D. Kat.** **W**hen a poore man is spoyled: and beaten among theeues?
When I confesse my fault herein, at this season,
But I hope you will not iudge so much against reason.
- Bailly.** **A**nd me thinke by your owne tale, of all that ye name.
If any plaide the therse you were the very same.
The women they did nothing, as your words make probation
But stoutly with stood your forcible inuasion,
If that a theefe at your window, to enter should begin,
Would you hold forth your hand, and helpe to pull him in:
Or you would kepe him out: I pray you answer me.
- D. Kat.** **W**hat kepe him out, and a good cause why:
But I am no theefe sir but an honest learned Clarke.
- Bailly.** **W**hat bit who knoweth that, when he meets you in the darke
I am sure your learning shines not out at your nose,
Was it any inuarite, though the poore woman arose
And farrt bp, being afraide of that was in his purse
We thinke you may be glad that you lacke was no worse.
- D. Kat.** **I**s not this euill enough, I pray you as you thinke,
Showing his broken head.
- Bailly.** **W**hat bit a man in the darke, of chaunces do wincke,
As soone he smites his father, as any other man,
Because for lacke of light, discerns him he ne can,
Sight or not haue ben your lucke, by a spit to haue ben slaine:
- D. Kat.** **I** thinke I am little better, my scalpe is clouen to the baine,

Gammer Cutsons Rede.

If there be all the remedy, I know who beares the rocks.

Kally.

I By my troth and well sooth, besides to kisse the rocks,
To come in on the backe shoe, when ye might go about, (out
I know non such; vnles they long to haue their baines knockt

D. Kat.

I Well, wil you be so good sir, as talke with dame Chat;
And know what she intended: I aske no more but that,

Wayly.

Let her be called fello w because of master docto,
I warrant in this case, she wil be hir owne Docto,
She will tel hir owne tale in metter o; in prose,
And byd you seeke your remedy, and so go wypp your nose.

I The v. Act.

I Ch: ii. Scene,

Wayly.

W. Wayly. Chat. D. Kat. Gammer. Hodge. Viccon.



Ame Chat, master docto; vpon you here complained
That you & your maides shuld him murther misdo; bet.

And take th mny an oob; that no word be fained,

Laying to your charge, how you thought him to murder:

And on his part againe, that same man said, furder

He neuer offended you in word no; intent,

To heare you answer hereto, we haue now so; you sent.

Chat.

I That I wold haue murderd him, see on him wretch,

And euil mought be thee so; it, our Lord I besech.

I will swere on al the bookes that opens and shuttes

I shall telk this tale out of his owne guttes,

For this seuen weekes with me, I am sure he sat not do; bet,

For ye haue other minions, in the other end of the towne,

Where ye were liker to ca ch such a blow,

When any were dis; as farre as I know.

Kally.

I e like then master Docto; you dripe there ye got not?

D. Kat.

I Doubt you I am to mad, that where I was bet, I wot not?

Will ye beleue this quaine, be so; the hath tryd it?

It is not euil si. A bede she hath soue, and after ward denide it.

Chat.

I What man, will you say I brake your heade?

D. Kat.

I eow canst thou proue the contrary?

Chat.

I Nay, how prouedst thou that I did the deade.

D. Kat.

I To plainly, by S. Mary.

This prose I trow may serue, though I no word spoke.

Shewing his broken head.

Gammer Gurtons Riddle.

- Chat.** ¶ Because thy head is broken, was it I that it broke?
I saw thee **Kat** I tel thee, not once within this fortnight,
- D. Kat.** ¶ So mary, thou sawest me not, soz why thou hadst no light,
 But I felt thee soz at the darke, besyde thy smothe cheekes,
 And thou groped me, this wil declare, any day this six weekes
 Showing his heades. (your)
- Bailly.** ¶ Answer me to this **D. Kat**, when caught you this harme of
D. Kat. ¶ A while ago sir, god he knoweth, wthin les the these ii. houres.
- Bailly.** ¶ Dame Chat was there none with you:
 (confesse I saith) about that season. (son
- Chat.** ¶ What woman, let it be what it wil, tis neither felony noz trea
 ¶ Yes by my saith master Bailly, there was a knave not farre
 Who caught one good Philip on the brow, with a doze barre
 And well was he woꝝthy, as it semed to mee,
 But what is that to this man, since this was not hee.
- Bailly.** ¶ Who was it then: lets here.
- D. Kat.** ¶ Alas sir, aske you that?
 Is it not made plain inough (by the owne mouth of dame chat
 The time agreeth, my head is broken, her tong can not lye,
 Onely upon a bare, may she saith it was not I.
- Chat.** ¶ So mary was it not indeede ye that here by this one thing,
 This after noone a frend of mine, soz good wil gave we warning
 And bad me wel loke to my ruste, and al my Capons pennies,
 For if I toke not better heede, a knave wold haue my hennies,
 Then I to saue my goods, toke so much pains as him to watch
 And as good soz tunc serued me, it was my chalice bi soz to catch
 What strokez he bare away, oz other what was his gaines
 I wot not, but ture I am, he had something soz his paines
- Bailly.** ¶ Yet telles thou not who it was.
- Chat.** ¶ Who it was a false theefe,
 What came like a false fare, my pullaine to kil and mischeefe.
- Bailly.** ¶ But knowest thou not his name?
- Chat.** ¶ I know it but what than,
 It was that crafty cullyon Hodge my gammer gurtons man.
- Bailly.** ¶ Cal me the knave better, he shall sure kysse the stocks.
- D. Kat.** ¶ Shall teach him a lesson, soz filching hens oz cocks.
 ¶ I marraile master bailly, so bleared be your eyes.
 An egge is not so ful of meate, as she is ful of lyes:
 When the gath playe this pranke, to excuse al this geare,

Gammer Guttens Bible

She layeth the fault in such a one, as I know was not there.

Chat. ¶ Was he not there loke on his pate, that walbe his witness.

D. Kat. ¶ I wold my head were half so hole, I wold seeke no redress.

Bailie. ¶ God blesse you gammer Burton.

Gammer. ¶ God bylde you master mine.

Bailie. ¶ Thou hast a knaue to in thy hose, hodge, a seruant of thine,
They tel me that busy knaue, is such a filching one,
That Hen, Pig, goole oz capon, thy neighbour can haue none,
¶ By god cham much amoued, to heare any such reposte:
Hodge was not wont ich trobe, to haue him in that sozt.

Gammer. ¶ A theemther knaue is not on line, moze filching, noz moze false
¶ Any a truer man then he, hafe hanged by the halfe,
And thou his dame of al his theft, thou art the sole receauer
For hodge to catch, and thou to kepe, I neuer knew none better

Chat. ¶ A theemther knaue is not on line, moze filching, noz moze false
¶ Any a truer man then he, hafe hanged by the halfe,
And thou his dame of al his theft, thou art the sole receauer
For hodge to catch, and thou to kepe, I neuer knew none better

Gammer. ¶ Sir reuerence of your masterdome, and you were out adooze,
Chold be so bolde for al hir byrgs, to cal hir arrant whooze,
And ich knew Hodge so bad as tow, ich wold me endlesse sozow
And chould not take the pains, to hang him by befoze to mozow!

Chat. ¶ What haue I hoine fro the oz thine: thou illaoued olde trof.

Gammer. ¶ A great deale moze (by Gods blesse,) then cheuer by the got,
That thou knowest wel I made not say it.

Bailie. ¶ I stoppe there I say,
And tel me here I pray you, this matter by the way:
How chance hodge is not here him wold I saine haue had.

Gammer. ¶ Alas sir, heel be here anon, ha be handled to bad.

Chat. ¶ Passer bayly, as ye be not such a foole wel I know,
But ye perceine by this lingring, there is a pad in the straw.
Thinking that Hodge, his head was broke, and that gammer
Wold not let him come befoze them.

Gammer. ¶ Chd I wold you his face, ich warrant the, so now where he is.

Bailie. ¶ Come on fellow it is tolde me thou art a shrew thyself,
Thy neighbours hens þ takest, and playes the two legged fore
Their chickens e their capons to, e now and then their Cocks.
¶ Ich dese them al that dare it say, cham as true as the best.

Hodge. ¶ I wold not þ take within this houre, in dame chats hens nest?

Bailie. ¶ Take thererof master chold not bat, for a house ful of gold.

Hodge. ¶ Thou oz the deuil in thy cote, I weare this I dare be hold.

Chat. ¶ I weare me no swearing quean, the deuil be gene the sozow,
Al is not wozth a gnat, thou canst swears till to mozow,

Compter Guffons Noble

Where is the harme he hath? Help it by gods breath,
 He beat him with a witnes, but the stripes light on my head.

Hodge ¶ Bet me: gods blessed body, chold first, ich from back hurt the
 Ich thinke and chad my hande loose, collet, chould have it out the

Chat. ¶ Thou mitte knaue, I trow, þ knowest þ ful wel, of of at hit
 I am so wly deceived, onles, thy head, a my doore had hit.

Hodge ¶ Wold thy coat, whoan, þ crell, so loude, can no man els be hard

Chat. ¶ Well knaue, I had the alone, I wold to tale rap the costard.

Waly. ¶ Sir answer me to this, is thy head whole or broken?

Chat. ¶ Yea master, Waly, blest be ever, gaged to an, spout

Hodge ¶ Is my head whole: ich warnt, if you, the, wither, to thy, no, it, had
 What you soule beaf, does, thy, the, either, sp, or, bath,
 Nay ich thanke god: chit not, for, al, that, thou, maist, from
 That chad one scab on my narfe, as, by, as, as, the, fingers, end.

Waly. ¶ Come nearer beare.

Hodge ¶ Yes, Chat, ich dare.

Waly. ¶ By our Lady here is no harme,
 Hodge's head is hole ynough, for al, same, Chats, charme

Chat. ¶ By gods blest, how ever, the, thing, he, lockes, or, smolders,
 I know the blowes he bare, alway, either, in, head, or, bodder,
 Camell þ not knaue, with, in, this, house, of, spinning, to, our, pens,
 And there was caught, within, my, house, a, rap, among, my, hens.

Hodge ¶ A plage both on thy hens, & the, a, rart, where, a, curte,
 Chould I were haged, as, he, as, a, tree, I, ch, ware, as, tall, as, þ, art,
 Geue me my gamer, again, bet, walk, al, þ, stole, a, way, in, thy, lap.

Gamer ¶ Yea master, waly, there is a tuing, you know, not, on, my, hap,
 This, drab, she, keeps, a, way, my, good, þ, deuil, be, in, ght, her, snare,
 Ich pray, you, that, ich, might, haue, a, right, action, on, her.

Chat. ¶ Wane, I, for, good, old, fith, of, any, such, els, to, oves:
 I am, as, true, I, wold, thou, know, as, thin, bet, to, chet, the, d, d, d, d,

Gamer ¶ Wany, a, truer, bary, be, hanged, though, you, escape, the, danger

Chat. ¶ Thou, shalt, answer, by, gods, pity, for, this, thy, soule, clauder.

Waly. ¶ Why, what, can, ye, charge, hit, with, hit, to, say, so, ye, do, not, well.

Gamer ¶ Wary, a, be, eance, to, his, hart, þ, who, have, ston, to, my, neele

Chat. ¶ The, neele, old, witch, how, for, it, were, almes, thy, soul, to, knoth
 So, didst, thou, say, the, other, day, that, I, had, ston, to, my, cocke
 And, rested, him, to, my, breakfast, which, shall, not, be, to, porten,
 The, deuil, pyl, out, thy, lying, tong, and, test, that, be, so, porten.

Gamer ¶ Geue me my neele, as for my cocke, chould be be, with

That.

Banket Curious Medle

- That childe that is to hang, on thy false faith and troth,
Wally. **W**hen it is to be hang, I can learne who should be most in
Wamer. **M**et thyselfe and no other wight, saie the, by vned a saie (saue)
Wally. **I** hope ye couent a while, le that your tonges ye holde,
He thinks you should remembre, this is no place to scold,
Both in the well, you gaiter gorton, name that the neale had?
Wamer. **W**o name you sir the party, should not be very glad.
Wally. **I** pray that we must needs heare it, therfoze say it holdy.
Wamer. **I** hope to see the tale, full soberly and cololy,
I hope that looked on, will scoure on a booke,
At that time this drunken goddy, my faire long uce, by tooke
Diccon (master) the Bedlam, than very sure ye know him.
Wally. **A** false kinde by Gods pille, ye were but a foole to trow him,
I must adventure wth the pyce of my best cap,
What when the end is knowen, all will turne to a laye,
I hope he not you that belies, the stole your Coche that tye?
Wamer. **I** hope master, no inbede, for then he should have lye,
I hope socke is, I thank Ch, it, safe and wet a fine.
Wally. **I** hope but that ragged rolt, that whole that try of thine
I hope for my sake, by the way was some, in my house was taken,
What thing you told, that he is not I winged and beaten,
I hope for my good name, it were a small amende,
I hope for my geare (heart) thou) out of my fingers endes
I hope he that had it told me, who thou of late didst name
Diccon whom all men knowe, it was the very same.
Wally. **W**his is the tale, you told your neble about the nozes,
And he answeres againe, the hat no cocke of yours,
I hope you talke and Acton, from that you do intend,
I hope he whole the mill wibe, from that she doth defend,
I hope you saie the hath your Coche?
Wamer. **I** hope mere for that chil not,
Wally. **W**ill you confesse h^r heele?
Wally. **I** will I no sir will I not,
Wally. **W**hen there lieth all the matter,
Wamer. **S**oft matter by the way,
I hope the rold do litle, and the cold not say nay,
Wally. **I** hope but he that made one lie about your Coche stealing,
I hope he like to make another, what time lies he in dealing,
I hope the end will paye, the vntwils do it arise, |

Gammer Gurtons Needle.

Upon no other ground, but only **Diamonds** eyes.
Chat. ¶ Though some be lyes as you be like have copped them.
 Yet other some be true, by proof I bene truel tryed them.
Bayle. ¶ What other thing be like this dame **Chat.**
Chat. ¶ Mary say even this,
 The tale I tolde befoze, the selfe same tale it was this,
 He gaue me like a trende, warning against my losse,
 Els had my head be colde, eke one, by Gods crasse:
 He tolde me, **Hodge** wold come, and in he came in deede,
 But as the matter chaunged, with greater hast then speede,
 This truth was said, and true was found, as truly I report.
Bayle. ¶ If **Dodo** Kat be not deceiued, it was o' another sort.
D. Kat. ¶ By Gods mother thou and he, be a cople of futtle fores,
 Betwene you and **Hodge**, I beare away the borde,
 Did not dicke apoynt the place, when **g**ouldst **Kat** to mete him.
Chat. ¶ Yes by the masse, & if he came, had me not sticke to speet hym.
D. Kat. ¶ Gods sacrament the villain knaue hath dyell be round about,
 He is the cause of all this hawle, that bytyn witten lonte:
 When gammer gurton here complained, & made a rusel mone
 I heard him sweare **g** you had gotten, hir needle that was gone,
 And this to try he sarder said, he was lul lotb hat he it
 He was content with small adoe, to bying me toberz to see it.
 And where ye sat, he said sulce rtain, if I wold fotom his reas
 Into your house a pziuy way, he wold me guide and leade,
 And where ye had it in your hands, se toing about a clowte,
 And set me in the backe hole, therby to finde you out.
 And whiles I sought a quiet nes, creping vpon my knees,
 I found the weight of your doze bar, soz my toward and fees,
 Such is the lucke that some men gets, while they begin to mel
 In setting at one such as were out, myndlag to make a wel.
Hodge. ¶ Was not wel blest gāmer, to scape **g**icoure, & shad ben there
 Whē thad ben dyell be like, as ill by the masse, as gaffat uicar.
Bayle. ¶ Mary sit, here is a sport alone, I toked soz such an end
 If coiceon had not playd the knaue, this had been some amend
 By gammer here, he made a fool, and dyell hir as she was
 And goodwife **Chat** he set to scole, till hosh parta cried alas,
 And **D. Kat** was not behid, whiles **Chat** his crown oib pare,
 I wold the knaue had be. Marke mind, if **hodge** had not his share.
Hodge. ¶ Cham meetly wel tped alrady amongs, cham dyell like a coult
And

Walter Burtons A. Dr.

And what not was he bought, was bene made a doall.

Bayly. What name was he called, when he was bought?

Cat. He was called by the name of a cat.

D. Kat. How came he to be called by that name?

Bayly. He came to be called by that name, because he was bought for a cat.

Diccon. How came he to be called by that name, when he was bought?

Cat. He came to be called by that name, because he was bought for a cat.

Diccon. How came he to be called by that name, when he was bought?

Cat. He came to be called by that name, because he was bought for a cat.

Bayly. How came he to be called by that name, when he was bought?

Cat. He came to be called by that name, because he was bought for a cat.

Diccon. How came he to be called by that name, when he was bought?

Cat. He came to be called by that name, because he was bought for a cat.

Bayly. How came he to be called by that name, when he was bought?

Cat. He came to be called by that name, because he was bought for a cat.

Diccon. How came he to be called by that name, when he was bought?

Cat. He came to be called by that name, because he was bought for a cat.

Bayly. How came he to be called by that name, when he was bought?

Cat. He came to be called by that name, because he was bought for a cat.

D. Kat. How came he to be called by that name, when he was bought?

Bayly. He came to be called by that name, because he was bought for a cat.

D. Kat. How came he to be called by that name, when he was bought?

Bayly. He came to be called by that name, because he was bought for a cat.

D. Kat. How came he to be called by that name, when he was bought?

10 Gammer Greeces Needle.

Who shall be bound by the same here, as thou dost take it.
When thou shalt come of free will, thou needest not take it:

For whomever thou shalt take, againe I praye thou bee.

10 Hodde: Who shall be bound by the same here, as thou dost take it.

And I shall be bound, by the by the same of thine.

No be of goodobering to God his great Cat:

As if of al for Hodde, the ofte to frame,

Whou shalt neekest to him, for a fine gentlemans name.

Hodge: Come on fellow Diccon, chaibe euen with thee now?

Bayly: What wilt thou do to the Diccon, I know not?

Diccon: I praye my friends, I shall be bound to you, if I may.

Like as I have promised, I shall be bound to you.

10 But Hodde take good heed now, thar do not be his name.

10 And gane him a good blow on the hat side.

Hodge: Gogs hart thou false villain, dost thou hit me?

Bayly: What the doge doth he hit thee, what he beget?

Hodge: He thrust me into the birchtocke, with a bodkin so sharp,

I saie Gammer, Gammer, I shall be bound to you.

Gammer: How now Hodde, how now?

Hodge: Gods wille Gammer, ganton, I shall be bound to you.

Gammer: Thou art mar right row, my friend, what thou say?

Hodge: I will now for the deuyt Gammer, I shall be bound to you.

Gammer: Shee shall haue god bleesse, I shall be bound to you.

Hodge: I should like to see Gammer, I shall be bound to you.

Gammer: Marry ye might well be, I shall be bound to you.

Hodge: I haue hit by the brasse Gammer, I shall be bound to you.

Gammer: What not my neele Hodde?

Hodge: Your neele Gammer, your neele.

Gammer: Po fie, dost but dodge.

Hodge: Thas found your neele Gammer, here in my hand be it.

Gammer: For al thy touces on earth Hodde, let me see it.

Hodge: Dost Gammer.

Gammer: Good Hodde.

Hodge: Ofe ich say, take a while.

Gammer: Marry welte Hodde say, that and do not me begile.

Hodge: Chant life on it ich war rant you, it goes no moze a stray

Gammer: Hodde when I please to take, wilt thou say me nay?

Hodge: Go neare the light gammer this wel in faith good lucke.

Chwas almost vndone: it was so far in my buttocke.

Gammer Curtons Needle.

Widge. This is mine owne beare neele Widge, sykerly I wot
Cham. I am not a good sonne gammer, cham I not,
Christe blessing light on thee, hast made me soz ever.
Ich knowe that ich must finde it, els choud a had it neuer.
Widge. By my troth Widge gurten, I am euens as glad
As though I mine owne selfe as good a turne had.
Widge. And I by my concience, to see it so come sozth,
Reioyce so much at it, as threc nedles be worth.
W. Kat. I am no whit soz to see you so reioyce.
Diccon. For I much the gladder soz al this noyce:
Yet say gramercy Diccon, soz springing of the game.
Gammer. Gamerry Diccon twenty times, o how glad cham,
If that chould be so much, your maister dome to come hether,
Master Kat, goodwife Chat, and Diccon together:
Cha but one halspeny, as far as iche know it,
And chū not rest this night, till ich bestow it.
I never ye loue me, let vs go in and ozinke.
Widge. I am content if the rest tbinke as I thinke:
Master Kat it shalbe best soz you if we so doo,
Then shall you traine me you and byelle your self too.
Diccon. I dost spee, take vs with you, the company shalbe the moze,
As proude coms behinde they lay, as any goes befoze,
But now my good masters hūte we must be gone.
And leaue you behinde vs, here all alons:
Since at our last ending thus mary we bee,
For Gammer Curtons neele sake, let vs haue a playntie.

Finis, Curtou. Perused and elowed, &c.

Imprinted at London

in Fleetstreete beneath the Conduite,

at the signe of S. John Enangells, by

Thomas Colwell.

1575.





